

STORIES OF FACT AND FANCY

She Didn't Roost With the Chickens.
The homely forms of speech used by the country people with whom little Edith and her mother boarded this summer were frequently very puzzling to the child.

One evening the farmer's wife, in talking for a few minutes with Edith's mother, remarked that, as she was very tired that night, she believed she would "go to roost with the chickens."

When Edith's bedtime arrived a little later the youngster was nowhere to be found. After considerable search she was discovered sitting on a large stone near the chicken house quietly watching the fowl as they came in one by one.

"Edith," called her mother; "what are you doing there? I've been looking for you everywhere; it's time to go to bed."

"I know, mother," was the reply; "but they're nearly all in now, so she'll be here soon, I guess."

"Who are in and who will be here? What on earth are you talking about, child?" asked the mystified mother.

"Why," explained Edith, rather impatiently, "you know Mrs. Jones was going to roost with the chickens tonight, and I'm waiting to see how she does it."

The Boy Who Liked Nobody.

One of the superintendents of schools on the east side tells the following story:

A janitor, meeting a number of his annoying friends after their promotion to the class of Miss Jerins, the terror of the school, questioned them a bit.

"Hello, Sam," said he. "Were you promoted?"

"Yair. All of us to Miss Jerins' class."

"Which do you like the more, your former teacher or Miss Jerins?"

"Miss Gordon, of course."

"And you, Harry?"

"Sure, me old teacher."

Turning to a youngster who was standing in a group not knowing the youth had been "left back," and therefore deemed to be an extra term with the much-disliked Miss Jerins, the janitor inquired:

"And, son, whom do you like?"

"Nobody! Nobody!"

Why Jimmy Didn't Sit Down.

The woman who had shopped until the closing gong had sounded stood at the transfer station and awaited the suburban trolley.

"What," she wearily asked herself, "does it profit a woman to gain the elusive bargain and lose every trace of physical freshness?"

Presently the car came along. It had the usual fringe of humanity strung along the running board, and the woman resignedly prepared to stand between the seats, when a grinning youth arose and tendered her his place. Protesting faintly, she sank into it guiltily, and registered a vow never to shop overdone again.

In due time several seats were vacated, and the woman looked hopefully toward her knight.

"Jimmy," a friend of his was saying, "there's room inside now. Why don't you sit down?"

And the last drop of discomfort was added to the woman's cup of humiliation when Jimmy responded:

"Aw, what's the use? No sooner I'll get me legs stretched when another three old men will get on and I'll have to hop up!"

Ilsen a "Pathological Writer."

A New York woman, not being content with the reputation she enjoys of being one of the most beautiful women in her state, has literary aspirations.

Recently she was a guest at a luncheon when the conversation drifted to looks and plays. Various discussions followed. The beauty took part and expressed her self freely.

But when she asked her listeners whether they considered Ilsen an author or a pathological writer, she handed out a stunner.

A graveyard silence reigned until one girl, who was bolder than the rest, asked what pathological meant.

Here is where the beauty lost literary prestige.

"I look it up a few days ago," she replied, "but cannot remember just now what it means."

Wonder What He'll Do Next.

"There's the latest man who ever signed a hotel register," remarked Col. Peacock, the managing clerk of the Hoffman house, indicating a large, well-set-up stroller about the corridor.

"He's a drummer," said the hotelier, "his name is Samuel Parker Sedgewick Elliott. When I first knew him, ten years ago, he used to sign his full name in a very deliberate and careful manner, using considerable flourish. A couple of years after he began to abbreviate it slightly, like this:

"Samuel P. G. Elliott."

"Then I noticed on the register 'Sam'l P. G. Elliott.'"

"The following trip disclosed a further slight elision, 'S. P. G. Elliott.'"

"Coming in one night rather late, he took the proffered pen and wrote 'Sam. Elliott.'"

Something New in Tablecloths.

She had come into the store to buy tablecloths and she stated in the beginning that she wanted something "new."

The salesman was potent and showed her everything in stock, but nothing suited.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, fustily, "haven't you anything different?"

The clerk brought out one of the discarded tablecloths that he had put back on the shelf, and said with an air of interest:

"Here is one of the very newest designs, madam. You see the center is in the middle and the border runs right around the edge."

"Why, yes," let me have that one," she said eagerly.

Deer Shooting Extraordinary.

"The most extraordinary deer shooting I recall," said the man who had been in the woods, "was up in Arcostock county, Maine, one winter. I was new to the business then. The guide posted me behind a cold rock, a very cold rock, near a runway, with instructions to shoot the deer that came my way. He was to take his post down-stream a bit, and if I heard several quick shots, I was to leave my lair and come to his."

Free Lunch for a Lion.

He was selling sundries on the street, but he declared that, in his palmy days, he had been Professor Piccolomini, the lion tamer.

"What made you give it up?" he was asked.

"Well, you see it was this way. Once I was engaged to tame a lion called Frederick Barburton, who was certainly a wild prouction."

"But I was equal to the task. By slow and gradual steps I taught Frederick to good manners. I used to walk into his cage, snap a whip, make him do stunts, and all that sort of thing. But I got into trouble when I tried to teach Frederick to eat out of my hand."

"Why, he ate three fingers out of my hand, confound him! Have a pair of Gem suspenders? They work without hitching. Twenty-five cents."

New Light on the Scriptures.

"The other day I received a lesson in simple faith," said the church woman. "My colored servant hails from South Carolina and can neither read nor write. Her knowledge of the scriptures, of a

Didn't Fall Far Enough.

"The other week I read in an up-state newspaper of an acrobat who was killed, as the evidence showed, because he fell such a short distance," remarked a surgeon attached to Bellevue hospital.

"This does not mean," the surgeon continued, "that the man died of professional pique at making a paltry descent, but that a fall from a greater height would have given him time to adjust his limbs and muscles to the shock. This is not so paradoxical as it may seem."

"For instance, the accident of stepping off a pavement into the road would less often lead to fatal injury if the descent were a few inches greater. The brain and the muscles are very quick to act, and the instant the outstretched foot feels the ground with rigid muscles before the other leg has time to relieve it of the weight of the body. A jar is consequently communicated to the whole spinal column, resulting sometimes in a small piece of bone being chipped off the base of the skull, which later causes death."

"But if the descent were eight inches or more the muscles of the body would be mobilized just in time to meet the shock, and although falls and sprains might be more frequent, that particular cause of fatal injury by jarring the base of the skull would be averted."

Both Presbyterians.

In the Missouri state prison at Jefferson City are 1,761 prisoners. According to an article in the North American, 3% of them are Baptists, 201 Methodists, 6 Jews and 1 Christian Scientist.

This calls to mind a story about the late Rev. Dr. John Hall. The good doctor was once walking home from preaching at a Sunday night meeting out in the country. In the moonlight he saw a man lying drunk in the gutter, and going up to him, gave him a shake.

"Here," he said, "it is a shame for a nice, respectable-looking man like you to be lying in the gutter."

The man opened his tipsy eyes and saw the long, black coat.

"Yes," said Dr. Hall; "come, get up."

"Presbyterian?" queried the inebriate.

"Yes," said the doctor, somewhat impatiently. "I am."

"Then," said the other, "help me up, I'm a Presbyterian myself."

Mysterious Man on Roller Skates.

Two or three mornings ago I had started on my favorite ramble when I heard a whirling noise. I looked behind me, and beheld a man, hatless, coatless, vestless, clad in a white shirt and trousers, and wearing black kid gloves—on roller skates. He was wondrously thin and dexterous. He had a set expression in his eyes. I stepped aside and heard him muttering.

"I must do this before breakfast. It is better than doctors' bills and patent pills, and I keep it up to keep my mind and my cheek—and a new light in my eye."

Then he rolled rapidly on, so that the rest of his soliloquy was lost to me. Why this was like "Alice in Wonderland" overhauling the remark of the rabbit as he passed her: "Oh, my ears and whiskers, I shall be late."

And if I continued to run across him in the park, morning after morning, until the color returned to his cheek and the light to his eye, might it not be that he would whisk me into some strange land, even as the rabbit had whisked Alice? There was no telling what this wild-eyed creature would do, who, hatless and coatless, but audaciously gloved, found pastime in skating through the peaceful park.

I recalled a paragraph I had seen in the newspapers: "Owners of automobiles suffering from financial embarrassment are going back to roller skates."

One of the most of the money class taking a skate instead of a spin as an appetizer?

Quaint Wedding Gift.

Driving over the Shinnecock Hills one early autumn day we stopped at the home of an old lady who manages to make a slender living by various expedients—a summer boarder or two, baking cake or making pickles and preserves for members of the summer colony in the Hamptons.

One of her expedients was charming and characteristic—the raising of lavender in her garden, the dried flowers of which she sold to people who love the old-time fragrance and appreciate the difference between the scent of the flowers themselves and the manufactured sachet masquerading under the name of lavender.

We had come to see how this year's "crop" had turned out, hoping that we should secure a good supply. The old lady came out and sadly told us she would have to disappoint us this year. She had had two boarders this summer, and orders for jam and pickles had overtaken her at the moment when the lavender should have been picked.

"And would Jane to help me I had to let it go," she finished.

Jane was her daughter, and instantly we wondered what had become of Jane. We were told by the old lady that she was the old lady's daughter, and she was now a spinster.

"Jane is married," she announced.

"No, we had not heard and were vastly disappointed for we had never expected this of Jane. To start with, she was no longer young; she had never been good-looking, and for as many years as our summer memories carried Jane had been in a perpetual state of toothache and swollen face—always tied up in an aggressive burlesque. The idea of marriage had not seemed to connect itself easily with our mental picture of Jane."

However, we voiced delight and congratulation—our dear old lady was so obviously happy and proud of Jane's undreamed-of success. She told us what a good match it was—a young rural lawyer, who, she said, was making a fine income.

"And what do you think he gave her as a wedding gift?" she asked. "That was the best of all."

We guessed all sorts of things from houses to pianos and sewing machines, and each guess was received with a delighted shake of the head. When we had quite exhausted our imaginations she took pity.

"I guess I'll have to tell you," she said. "Jane used to have toothaches some, perhaps you remember."

We remembered.

"Well, he hated to see her suffer as she did, so he took her down to Riverhead to a dentist and had all her teeth out—every one. And the day they were married he gave her the handsomest false teeth you ever saw. Both sets, upper and lower, and the plates were solid gold, both of them."

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Pre-Inventory Clearing

Of Odds and Ends and After Xmas Sales of Holiday Goods

COMBINED TO MAKE THIS LAST WEEK OF THE YEAR OF INESTIMABLE MONEY - SAVING IMPORTANCE TO THOUSANDS OF SALT LAKE'S THRIFTY HOUSEHOLDERS. THIS, THE LAST WEEK OF THE YEAR, HAS MUCH TO ACCOMPLISH WHEN YOU CONSIDER THAT WE HAVE DETERMINED TO MAKE IT ECLIPSE THE SALES RECORD OF ANY ONE WEEK OF THIS BANNER YEAR. ALL BROKEN LINES AND ODDS AND ENDS MUST BE CLEARED OUT THIS WEEK.

Pre-Inventory Specials in Silks And Dress Goods

Strenuous efforts are made to clean up all odd lots before the stock is actually put on the books. The last days of the year will beat all records for value-giving.

LOT NO. 1

Silks up to \$1.25, for 73c a yard. Assortment of 50 pieces, in plain and novelties, all crisp, stylish silks, in all the best colors, suitable for waists, drop skirts or dress patterns. UP TO \$1.50 VALUES FOR YARD **73c**

LOT NO. 2

Silks up to \$1.50, for 93c yd. Consisting of new checks, stripes, plaids and plain silks, in taffetas, peau de sole, gros grains, peau de cygne, etc., in black and colors. UP TO \$1.50 VALUES FOR YARD **93c**

SILK REMNANTS

Hundreds of silk remnants left from 2 weeks' Xmas selling, in black and colors, plain and fancy, in 1-yard to 15-yard lengths; marked to close out REGARDLESS OF COST PRICE.

LOT NO. 3

Dress Goods up to \$1.60, for 83c yd. 100 pieces, newest style, all-wool dress goods, in plaids, checks, stripes and novelties, suitable for skirts, waists or suits. UP TO \$1.50 VALUES FOR YARD **83c**

LOT NO. 4

Dress Goods up to \$1.75, for 98c yd. 50 pieces, stylish all-wool dress goods, in stripes, plaids and checks, Panamas, English serge, unfinished worsteds, English suitings, etc.

WOOL REMNANTS

25 wool remnants, in plain and fancy plaids, checks, stripes and mixtures, in lengths suitable for waists, skirts or suits. MARKED AT LESS THAN COST PRICE.

ESTABLISHED 1864

F. A. Zerbe & Bro.

ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD

Pre-Inventory Price Reductions Among Women's Garments

RATHER THAN COUNT THEM AT INVENTORY, WE TAKE LOSSES TO CLOSE OUT THE BROKEN LINES.

\$4.00 and \$5.00 Waists, \$1.95

Beautiful new models of Batiste and Albatross waists, embroidered front, button back, short sleeves. Worth \$4.00 and \$5.00. This week they'll go at **\$1.95**

\$5.00 and \$6.00 Walking Skirts, \$3.88

Another lot of about 100 of those handsome walking skirts. Many different styles, all made very full and nicely trimmed. \$5.00 and \$6.00 values, as \$3.88 as they last **\$3.88**

\$10.00 Panama Skirts, \$5.95

Made of chiffon Panama, in blue, brown and black, pleated very full and have band and tucks around bottom. All sizes. Worth fully \$10.00. Special \$5.95 this week

\$10.00 Furs at \$6.15

Handsome brown Marten Boa, very long, with heads and tails, lined with fur around neck, ends lined with Skinner satin. Regular price \$10.00. Marked \$6.15 for the week at

\$15.00 Short Caracul Coats, \$9.95

Jaunty little short caracul coats, lined throughout with guaranteed satin, trimmed with pull braid, and metal buttons. Sizes 32 to 38. Worth fully \$15.00. All this week **\$9.95**



Monday Only

\$1.75 and \$2.00 Waists, 73c.

500 handsome madras satens and batiste waists, many different styles, long and short sleeves, worth fully \$1.75 and \$2.00. Monday, long as they last **73c**

Pre-Inventory Shoe Specials

Actuated by a desire to reduce the stock to a minimum before inventory, we are making tremendous sacrifices.

LADIES' BLACK DONGOLA SHOES, with medium weight soles, patent tip and military heels (all sizes). Value \$1.75. Special \$1.35 this week

LADIES' BLACK KID SLIPPERS, with military heels and bow and strap over instep (all sizes). Value \$1.75. Special \$1.10 at a pair

LADIES' BLACK JERSEY LEGGINGS, fleece lined, knee length and all button (size 3 to 7). Value \$1.25. Special price 85c

MEN'S GOOD GRADE RUBBERS, all sizes. Special this week 85c

CHILDREN'S DONGOLA KID SHOES, with patent tip, wedge heels and lace and button (sizes 2 to 8). Special for 65c

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

(Pick Me Up.)

Shortly after 2 o'clock one bitter winter morning a physician drove four miles in answer to a telephone call. On his arrival the man who had summoned him said:

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

The doctor felt the man's pulse and listened to his heart.

"Have you made your will?" he asked.

The man turned pale.

"Why, no, doctor. At my age—oh! doctor, it ain't true, is it? It can't be true!"

TO PUMP A SEA DRY.

(Technical World.)

Little Holland, with its 5,000,000 people living safely behind the wave-washed dikes, is about to make a new conquest from its old enemy, the ocean. Already Dutch engineers have begun the tremendous task which will result in turning the Zuyder Zee into 1,400 square miles of dry land. Where of old the great Dutch war fleets gathered, where now 4,000 fishermen sink their nets, there will rise happy villages, broad pastures, poplar-bordered roads and sleepy canals—new farms and homes for 50,000 Dutchmen.

The task to be undertaken is a tremendous one. It will cost nearly \$75,000,000. In return the government expects to secure annual rentals of more than \$5,000,000 from those who occupy and till the hard-won ground.

The Zuyder Zee has occupied a most prominent place in Dutch history. On its shores are the ancient towns of Medenblik, Hourn, Harderwijk, Norren and Enkhuizen, under whose walls the Dutch fleet used to lie at anchor in the days when Holland disputed with England the supremacy of the seas. It seems peculiarly appropriate, now that Holland has turned from the ways of war to the paths of peace, that she should win in a great fight with the sea—a fight that has continued throughout hundreds of years—attaining victory only by ceaseless vigilance and fierce endeavor. And yet one cannot but experience a feeling of regret that those ancient cities, which the nations rose and fell, made good the circles of their battered ramparts, defying alike the power of the sea and the might of Spain, should become quiet inland towns, far removed from the roar of the breakers against the dikes.

The Utah National Bank

OF SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

W. S. McCORMICK, President.
W. F. ADAMS, Vice President.
T. R. CUTLER, Vice President.

Condition at Close of Business, Dec. 3, 1907

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$717,375.34
United States Bonds	200,000.00
Bonds, Warrants, Etc.	10,005.00
Real Estate	4,267.52
Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults	8,969.50
Cash and Sight Exchange	743,776.78
	\$1,684,394.14

LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$ 200,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	86,309.11
Circulation	198,900.00
Deposits	1,199,185.03
	\$1,684,394.14

ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, CORPORATIONS AND INDIVIDUALS SOLICITED

Savings Department Thoroughly Equipped. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent.